

Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality.

S. C. HERGEN, Editor.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1862.

The Oath of the Republic.

Hold up your right hands, Americans, from shore to shore of the ocean-bound Republic, for to-day we are to take a mighty oath in the presence of Heaven and Earth—an oath whose influence shall be felt to the latest syllable of recorded time. Our invocation is answered by twenty-six millions of voices; some in exultation, some in calm resolution, some in wild enthusiasm and some in the groans and agony of martyrdom which catches a gleam of Heaven's glory from the flame and smoke of the pyre of persecution. Why is the vast assemblage? What means this tremendous gathering from the East and the West and the North, and even from the outraged, persecuted, down-trodden South, for half a century the toy and sport of heartless tyrants? It is an uprising of American democracy and republicanism, whose life is now endangered by a wicked conspiracy. It is the instinct of self-preservation which calls this multitude from the walks of peace to the tumultuous ranks of war. The Southern conspirators have combined at last to ruin the Republic, and to blot out the nation, and moved by patriotic impulse—a divine instinct as it were—its citizens rush forward to its defence with a grand unanimity never witnessed since those heroic days when Greece sent forth her children to drive back the hosts of Xerxes—when the sunlight of patriotism gilded the frowning precipices of Thermopylae with everlasting light—aye those old heroic days.

Which shone upon the Persian flying, And saw the Spartan warrior die.

It is the grand, not death, but life, struggle of the republic of the New World, and upon the issue of that struggle the nations of the whole earth gaze with interest, and hope, and prayers, and tears unutterable. Humanity, with streaming eyes upturned to Heaven and clasped hands, exclaims: "May God defend the right!"

New England hears the alarm, and fired with the memories of her classic days—of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, and the Boston Tea party, and the story of the sainted Warren, the Chevalier Bayard of our land, who lived enough for glory, but also, too briefly for his country—grasps again the banner, the musket and the sword, and arranges her sons in the line of battle. Her hundred villages and mills send out an army of restless, daring youths, eager to show the world that Yankee blood can fight as well as Yankee brains scheme and invent. Before her serried ranks the martial form of NATHANIEL LYON passes like a meteor fore-doomed to depart too early from our eyes:

"So stars that shoot along the sky Shine brightest, as they fall and die."

The Middle States, a nation in themselves, wealthy, enterprising, enlightened and teeming with population, respond also to the call of President LINCOLN, with no drowsy voice "twixt sleep and wake," but earnestly and eagerly. The Empire City of the Empire State sends out an army of herself, and the proud old Keystone, imbued by PENN with an ardent love of peace, yet dauntless and quick to defend the legacy of freedom and the honor of the nation, hurries forward her imperial and invincible cavalry.

The Great West, the empire of the Mississippi Valley, pours out a countless array of woodsmen, of farmers, of hunters, of boatmen, all fired with eagerness to attack the impious band who seek to overthrow the republic. Who can withstand their furious onset, as they rush forward, with bayonets set, on the ranks of the conspirators?

Hark! Even from the far West, whose mountain streams leap over golden sands, and Oregon

"Where no sound, Save his own shouting."

BAKER, glorious and manly in person as a Grecian hero, leads forward a gallant band, doomed too early to mourn with the whole nation the fall of their chivalrous leader.

Yes, the whole nation is awake, and her people come forward to repeat the mighty oath in an eternal and inviolable sacrament.

Record it, Heaven! and let its words be henceforward an inspiration to patriots and a warning to traitors. Hark! to the defiant and indignant voices of

the patriot army as they call to the rebel forces. New England and the Middle States exclaim: "Sons of the South! our fathers won your territory from Savage, and French, and British domination by their treasure, bayonets and blood! The Federal Government has poured out millions in protecting your seaboard, in building light-houses and improving harbors. We have given you literature, education and religion. We have protected and guarded you jealously for half a century—and now do you seek to destroy us?" The Middle States take up the cry, and say: "We have given you manufactures and commerce. The fruits of our industry and craft are seen on all your plantations. Do you dare to come to us with pockets filled with the gold of Britain, our old enemy, and demand that the vast region gotten by our toils shall pass under foreign power?"

"Two stars keep yet their motion in spheres, Nor will our Union break a double tie."

And lo, with an aspect and voice more fierce and determined than her sisters, the vast North-West, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Michigan exclaim: "Presumptuous traitors, do you hope to stop our pathway to the Gulf? Will you barricade the Mississippi against our armada of boats? Have your 320,000 voters strength enough to drive back and shut up forever our 1,524,000 voters? Must we suffer you to place the control of this inland sea in the hands perhaps of some scion of the throne of England, France or Spain? Not ere we will suffer you to commit such foul injustice we will annihilate the whole brood of traitors with fire and sword! Take your choice to-day—OBEDIENCE OR EXTERMINATION!"

With banners streaming high in Heaven, and trumpets giving "no uncertain sound," the Patriots of the Border States press to the vanguard. Baltimore awakes at last from her lethargy and comes with the vestments of freedom, sprinkled with the blood of her corrupt aristocracy; Western Virginia is stirred with a holy enthusiasm; Kentucky comes with ROSS and CARRITTEN in the van, laurelled with immortal honors from their triumphant charge at Shiloh, where the traitor BRECKINRIDGE fled dismayed and discomfited from their presence; Missouri steps forth with brow of imperial beauty all equal to the proud destiny which awaits her; and Tennessee sends forth an immortal CAMPBELL, mild as a woman when at peace, yet terrible as a lion when aroused—STOKES, who never bowed his head to the rebellion, and JOHNSON, the Cromwell of his day, in his love of freedom, his intense scorn for a corrupt aristocracy, and his devotion to the glory and progress of his country—heroes all, and fit to be Captains of the Union's Life Guard on any battle field where freedom's to be won. Even from Louisiana, the daughter of the Gulf, comes the gallant BOULIGNY, who walked unharmed through the fiery furnace of rebellion; and the brave North State awakes from her slumbers at last by the potent voice of GILMER and STANLEY.

And now the loyal States, marching in martial order from the banks of the Hudson, the fountains of the Alleghany, the banks of the Ohio, the sources of the Missouri and Mississippi, meet together by the waters of the great National Highway to the Gulf, scooped out by the Almighty himself for the commerce of an undivided republic, and lift up their hands and swear this solemn oath in the presence of God:

"By the priceless legacy of freedom and christian civilization, which came from Deity himself and was transmitted to us by our ancestors:

By the wisdom, the devotion, the toils and the blood which the heroes of the Revolution gave to earn this legacy for their children:

By our immortal hatred of British tyranny, and our undying abhorrence of ARNOLD and BURR:

By the never-fading laurels which wreath the brows of WASHINGTON, of HAMILTON, of ADAMS, of HANCOCK, of JEFFERSON, of MADISON, of WEBSTER, of CLAY, and of JACKSON:

By the millions yet unborn of remote posterity, whose number no mortal may estimate, and whose interests God has entrusted to our charge:

By our love for oppressed humanity throughout the world, who behold the galaxy of our republic with joy, and hail it as their star of hope, in the darkest night of tyranny:

By the memories of the Past, the solemn duties of the Present, and the hopes of the Future:

We swear that the Federal Union must be preserved; that the Union shall never be dissolved; that our banner shall

bear upon its ample folds, on every hill-top of the land, and on the mast-head of every vessel which plows the remotest sea, the legend—LIBERTY AND UNION NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

Necessity of Confiscation.

Let the rebellion stop to-morrow, and its armies disband. What, we ask, has occurred that would deter corrupt and un lucky aspirants for office, in future years from stirring up another rebellion, in order to get into power? Neither DAVIS nor BEAUREGARD has suffered any punishment which would prevent them from renewing their attempts. On the contrary, there is much reason to fear that many thoughtless and ambitious young men would regard their career as rather a brilliant one, and worth following as an example. They, as well as many others, would be regarded by the weak and vicious as daring fellows, whose crimes were so brilliant and fascinating that the Government had not the heart to punish them. They would be viewed as heroes, whose faults were concealed by their gilding. Let us remember that in many communities through the South, made up of wealthy traitors, the guilt of treason is actually the passport into society, and no inconvenience will be felt by multitudes who have given thousands of dollars to the rebellion, unless the Federal Government shall confiscate their property and strip them of their possessions. What cares a luxurious cotton or sugar planter, a banker or a merchant, who has been implicated in his heinous sin of treason, that he is excluded from holding Federal offices, so long as he can revel undisturbed in his coteries of rebel friends? These men in their neighborhoods will dignify their crime with a false respectability and loyalty will be banished from society. Every man of sense can easily foresee this. It certainly must be obvious to all persons of practical sense that in order to crush out this social respectability of treason, and place the brand of disgrace upon its forehead, so as to make it as contemptible as it is wicked, not only in Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, but in Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina; the government must let its hand fall heavily upon all offenders of the rich and aristocratic class. The future health of the political body demands the copious extraction of rebel blood and treasure. The cause of the rebellion, its malaria which has poisoned the land is its pseudo-aristocratic spirit. Shall the government suffer that spirit to remain among us, and to strut abroad again in security unsubdued and unbroken? He who says yes, lacks either loyalty or common sense.

That is precisely what we have observed in Nashville. Gov. BROWN gave this class of rebels a handsome lashing at Columbia the other day. He said in the course of his speech:

Some say you would rather die than give it up. Well, I have scanned this audience carefully, and they don't look much like men who thought of dying. They are here enjoying themselves, and buying and selling, eating and drinking. Yes, and while some of you talk loudly about dying before you will give up, and of shedding the last drop of blood, and of perishing in the last ditch, and other desperate actions, your own sons and brothers are wasting away with the deadly malaria of the Southern Swamps, enduring untold privations, eating worm eaten biscuit, shedding their blood, and filling unknown graves! If your faith and devotion to this rebellion is so strong, why are you not down there with your suffering kinsmen? If this is a righteous cause, why are you staying ingloriously at home, taking your ease and enjoying yourselves, while the men you persuaded to join the army are suffering and perishing by thousands? I have no faith in the cause, and therefore I am not here; but it is grossly inconsistent for men who bluster so loudly to do so little as those herabouts do who talk so loudly and so often about "never giving up" and about "shedding their last drop of blood."

Now we call that emphatically "doing it up brown."

We had the pleasure of a conversation with an old acquaintance, a wealthy and intelligent farmer of Southern Kentucky, the other day. He said that he was "subjugated" for a while by the rebellion and yielded to it. He is now actively employed in persuading his neighbors to return to their allegiance, and obey the "best government the world ever saw."

He says that the modern secessionists are cooling down rapidly, and admitting that the rebels ought to yield, and that the longer the contest continues the worse it will be for the South. He says that Governor BROWN's speech is creating a great sensation, and leading to serious reflection. God prosper the work!

The bob-tailed editors of the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, both renegade Yankees who don't own enough to buy a five year old Tennessee darkey, call ANDREW JOHNSON a native of the South and a slaveholder, "the Yankee Governor!" Try it again old ladies, and show what a precious pair of scullions you are.

A London paper asks: "Will the South yield even in the extremity?" All we see of the Southern army is its *hinder extremity*, and that is yielding as fast as possible.

A Chance to Strike a Blow.

The Milledgeville *Union* thus notices a fine chance to strike the enemy an effective blow:

Reliable information from Nashville assures us that there are but three effective regiments now left to guard that important place, where there are collected immense forces, and some seven or eight thousand of the enemy's sick. Only about two thousand effective men to guard Nashville! An army of ten thousand men now doing nothing in South Carolina and Georgia might soon be collected at Chattanooga, and under a bold, dashing leader might not only recapture Nashville but even penetrate into Kentucky, and afford a rallying point to our friends there, who are groaning under the oppression of the enemy. Is there not one to head such an expedition? If the Government will not or cannot spare Confederate troops for such an enterprise, we believe volunteers sufficient for the expedition could soon be raised, if a leader in whom they had confidence would offer himself to lead them. Who will immortalize himself by retaking Nashville?

The Yankees in Suffolk, Virginia.

During Tuesday last 200 Yankee cavalry entered the town of Suffolk, took possession of Temperance Hall and one of the churches, and then roamed about the streets, with an air of indifference to danger that could not have been surpassed by Southern troops. The citizens were entirely defenceless, and there were no soldiers to molest them or make them afraid. Had there been a partisan leader, with the spirit of a Marion, anywhere about, the Dismal Swamp would have been ambushed, and not a Yankee horseman would have returned to Norfolk to tell the tale of his fellows. One cavalry company could have bagged the whole party without difficulty. The bare mention of Col. Wright's Third Georgia regiment, by a shrewd negro boy whom they attempted to catechise, caused a rush to the saddle and a stampede towards Portsmouth which was ludicrous to the extremes.

On Wednesday, only eight of the invaders returned to Suffolk, demanding the keys of the jail, released every prisoner, quartered their liberated felons and themselves, on respectable citizens, impressed the wagons of another to drag their filthy persons to Portsmouth, and then left at leisure.

The Memphis *Avalanche* makes bitter complaint that the men who now refuse to accredit the Confederate Government and take its notes, are the individuals who were the first and foremost to rush the country into the rebellion—and who resolved to "spend their last dime," and "spill their last drop of blood," to vindicate the rights of the South. Of course they were. That class of men are usually the first to come down from their high estate under a like pressure.

J. M. HINTON, Sheriff and Jailor of D. C.

Committed to Jail

O'Davidson county, June 30, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is JACK; says he belongs to Thos. Dickson, of Montgomery county, Tenn.; about 22 years old, 5 feet 4 inches high; weight about 125 pounds; color black; several scars on his forehead; 3 small scars on his forehead; dark copper color.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

J. M. HINTON, Sheriff and Jailor of D. C.

Committed to Jail

O'Davidson county, June 30, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is SAM, and belongs to L. Schute, of Sumner county; about 22 years old; weighs about 140 or 145 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches high; stature well looking; 3 small scars on his forehead; dark copper color.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

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No. 36, Market Street.

E. MAYER & CO.,

SUCCESSOR TO

A. LOUIS & CO.

WE have received a large stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Stationery, Drugs, Nails and Lye stuffs.

SALT in Barrels,

SALT in Bags,

COTTON CARDS,

Which we offer to the public for Cash or Produce, such as Cotton, Beans, Wheat, Oats, Feathers, Hides and Tallow.

Country Merchants would do well to call upon us, as we can fill their whole bill from our stock.

All current Southern Funds taken at par.

J. MAYER & CO.

PATENTED OCT. 8, 1861.

Diabridge's Patent

OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS,

Manufactured of

XX FLINT GLASS.

These Chimneys are intended for the flat flames, which heat all parts of the glass evenly, does not expose it to crack.

For Full Glass Works, Washington street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Complex can be seen at this Office.

June 6-ly.

RUDOLPH WURLITZER,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

NO. 123 MAIN STREET,

CINCINNATI, O.

KEYS constantly on hand a large supply of String and Brass and German Silver Musical Instruments, which can be offered at low prices as any Eastern house. Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.

Committed to Jail

O'Davidson county, May 30, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is HENRY; says he belongs to B. Comer, near Little Rock, Arkansas; about 40 years old, weighs about 165 or 170 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches high, dark copper color, bald headed.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

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ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

Ordered after this date the LAKE KINGSTON ICE CO. will sell ice at three cents per pound to Southern money, and two cents in specie funds.

Nashville, June 4th, 1862.

Proposals for Corn and Oats.

OFFICE ASSISTANT QUARTER MASTER, 25 MARKET STREET, NASHVILLE.

SEALED proposals will be received at this Office till Monday the 10th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. for a supply of corn and oats for immediate use, to be delivered in bags without charge for the same. Contractors will state the quantity and time of delivery. The right to reject bids not for the benefit of the Government to accept is expressly reserved.

JOHN M. HALL, C. & A. Q. M.

June 4th, 1862-41

Notice to Stockholders.

NASHVILLE, TENN., 2d June, 1862.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SE-WAME MINING COMPANY, will be held at the Office, No. 524 Broadway, New York, on Friday, the 13th day of June next, at One o'clock, P. M. for the transaction of important business.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN M. HALL, Secretary.

June 4-62

1,000 Barrels Flour Wanted.

BIDS will be received (from persons legal to the Government of the United States) until 2 o'clock P. M., THURSDAY, JUNE 5th, 1862, for

1,000 Barrels Extra Superfine Flour,

To be delivered at the Commissary Store-house, in Nashville. Bids for part of the above Flour will be received. Market samples requested with Bids. Bids will be endorsed "Proposals for Flour," and directed to

Capt. and Com. Store,

Nashville, Tenn.

may 30-42

GROWTH OF 1861.

FRESH SUPPLIES of these most reliable SEEDS received by the subscriber, Agent for their sale in Nashville.

LANORETH'S REGISTER AND ALMANAC for distribution, gratis, by

T. WELLS,

MARKET STREET, NASHVILLE.

BLUE GRASS SEED, RED CLOVER SEED, ORCHARD GRASS SEED, WHITE CLOVER SEED, HERDS GRASS SEED, MIXED BIRD SEED, CANARY SEED, TOGETHER WITH

MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, OILS, WALL PAPER, VARNISHES, GLASS WARE, STONE WARE, &c.,

BY

T. WELLS,

SIGN OF THE MAN AND MORTAR.

on Market St., opposite Union, Nashville.

April 23-62

GUSTAVUS HOF,

Wholesale Dealer in

Cap, Letter, Manila, Wrapping

PAPER,

PRINTERS' CUT CARDS, DORSETT BOARDS, NEWS

AND BOOK PAPER, PRINTERS' INK, &c.,

No. 292 MAIN STREET, BETWEEN 6TH AND 7TH STREETS,

CINCINNATI, O.

Highest price paid for Rags. may 4-62

LOST,

ABOUT A MONTH AGO, A BLACK MOROCCO NOTEBOOK COVER, containing a Hospital recommendation, letters of introduction, &c. Please leave at Office Medical Director, Semmer street, below St. Cloud Hotel.

June 5-62

RYE FLOUR.

65 BARRELS FINEST GROUND RYE FLOUR, on hand and for sale at the Broadway Mills.

June 5-62

BRAN AND SHORTS

O'land and for sale at the Broadway Mills.

June 5-62

CORN MEAL,

AT the Broadway Mills.

June 5-62

SHEWMAKER & ROBB,

Army Intelligence Office,

No. 11, SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

(BETWEEN MARKET AND WALNUT.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Established for the Benefit of Strangers

COMING TO ST. LOUIS IN SEARCH OF

Sick, Wounded, or Soldiers that have

Died from Wounds or Sickness.

CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE GIVEN ON the condition of any Sick or Wounded Soldier in ST. LOUIS, LOUISIANA, CINCINNATI, NASHVILLE, MOBILE CITY, or any other Hospital in the Western Department. This is the only Army Intelligence Office in the United States, and information regarding soldiers from any part of the U. S. can be given very fully, by calling at our Office, or writing to the Army Intelligence Office, Post Office Box No. 1845.

N. B.—Persons coming to ST. LOUIS IN SEARCH OF SICK, WOUNDED, OR SOLDIERS THAT HAVE DIED FROM WOUNDS OR SICKNESS, will obtain all necessary information by calling at our Office, No. 11, South Fourth Street, May 18, 1862.

DR KING'S DISPENSARY

FOR PRIVATE DISEASES.

DR. KING, formerly of New York, is the best known and most successful physician in the treatment of private diseases for 30 years, having himself attended to a practice for so many years, and cured so many thousands, he is enabled to cure all diseases of a private nature, no matter how long they may have been continued, without resorting to any of those dangerous and expensive remedies which are so often resorted to, and which do more harm than good.

Dr. King's Dispensary is located at No. 11, South Fourth Street, Nashville, Tenn., and is open daily from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 in the evening.

Persons residing abroad, by writing and stating the case, with a fee enclosed, direct to Dr. King, No. 11, South Fourth Street, Nashville, Tenn., will have the most accurate and reliable advice sent to their address. Office hours 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 in the evening.

50 BARRELS MESSENGER POTATOES, for sale low, by order of

WM. LYON,

at Market street

may 11